

THE GREAT CONTEST.
Grant Making a Flank
Movement.

He is Trying to Force Lee Out of
His Intrenchments.

HE IS SUCCESSFUL THUS FAR.

LONGSTREET HURRIES OFF SOUTH.

Ewell's Corps Follows at Once.

Lee Probably South of the
North Anna.

LATEST FROM GEN. BUTLER.

He is Having a Rough Time.

BUT HE HOLDS HIS POSITION.

GEN. SHERMAN DOING WELL.

MEADE'S BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

DASH OF EWELL'S CORPS.

NEARLY A MILE OF BATTLE.

10,000 Troops Repulse Three
Divisions of the Rebels.

PLUCKY FIGHTING BY THE NEW TROOPS.

Congratulatory Order by Gen. Meade.

Lee Addresses His Troops.

REBEL ACCOUNTS TO THE 19th.

They Admit Losses of 20,000
Men and 20 Guns.

WAR DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

Gen. Sherman's Progress—Capture of
Iron Foundries at Rome—Late News
from Gen. Banks—More Fighting in
Butler's Army—A Hard Battle on
Friday.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 21—9:30 p. m.
To Maj.-Gen. Dix: Dispatches from Gen. Sherman state that our forces found in Rome a great deal of provisions and seven fine iron works and machine shops. We have secured two good bridges and an excellent ford across the Etowah. The cars are now arriving at Kingston with stores, and two days would be given to replenish and fit up.

A dispatch just received from Gen. Banks, dated at Alexandria, the 8th of May, states that the dam will be completed to-morrow (May 9) and the gunboats relieved. He would then move immediately for the Mississippi. Gen. Canby was at the mouth of the Red River on the 14th of May, collecting forces to assist Banks, if necessary.

Dispatches from Gen. Butler, dated at 10 o'clock last night, report that he "has been fighting all day, the enemy endeavoring to close in on our lines. We shall hold on. Have captured the Rebel General Walker of the Texas troops."

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Secretary Stanton to Gen. Dix—Grant's
Flank Movement so far Successful—
Advices from Gen. Canby and Sher-
man—Nothing from Butler.

WASHINGTON, May 22, 1864—10 p. m.
To Maj.-Gen. Dix: On Friday evening Gen. Grant commenced a movement for the purpose of compelling Lee to abandon his position at Spotsylvania (the details of which for obvious reasons should not be made public). It has thus far progressed successfully, Longstreet's corps started south at 1 o'clock Friday night, an hour and a half after Hancock moved. Ewell's corps followed Longstreet last night. The indications are that the Rebel army has fallen back beyond the North Anna.

Hoke's brigade has joined Lee.
The movement of Gen. Grant has thus far been accomplished without any serious interruption. We now occupy Guiney's Station, Milford Station, and south of the Mattaponi, on that line.

A dispatch received this morning from Gen. Canby, dated May 14, at the mouth of the Red River, says: "We have rumors to-day from Rebel sources that the gunboats, except two, succeeded in getting over the falls at Alexandria, on the day mentioned in Gen. Banks's dispatch."

No dispatches have been received to-day from Gen. Butler.

Dispatches from Kingston, Georgia, state that Gen. Sherman's forces are resting and replenishing their supplies.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

New-York Tribune.

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NEW-YORK, MONDAY MAY 23, 1864.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES OF THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

The Battle of Thursday—Ewell in our Rear—He is Repulsed—Eighty Wagons Captured but Immediately Retaken—Our Gunboats at Fredericksburg—Torpedoes Destroyed.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

FREDERICKSBURG, Friday morning, May 20, 1864.

At 5 o'clock yesterday p. m. a sharp musketry fire broke in directly in the rear of our right wing, and near the Spotsylvania and Fredericksburg Pike, causing considerable excitement for a time, which was allayed, when it was ascertained that a brigade of Ewell's Corps in our rear, but for what special purpose is not known, had been repulsed and driven back by the 1st Maine heavy artillery, which happened to be lying within striking distance.

A portion of Hancock's Corps was thrown to our right and rear when firing began, but the enemy had been routed before they reached the scene of action. A heavy cannonading was opened at the same time by the enemy on the 5th Corps, and was probably intended to cover an attack upon our train and the rear.

If this was the special motive of the enemy, his strategy entirely failed, as our trains were parked at least eight miles from the front, where they first appeared.

At this time no particulars of affairs have reached this point, but we learn that 80 wagons were captured, but were afterward all retaken, except three, destroyed by being burned.

The first Union gunboats ever anchored at Fredericksburg came up the Rappahannock at 4 p. m. yesterday, and are now lying at the wharf opposite the city. Their names are the Jacob Bell, Capt. Schulze; the Yankee, Lieut. Hooker, and the Fuschia, Capt. Street. They left the mouth of the river, where for a long time they have been blockading duty, on Monday morning, the 16th inst., dragging for torpedoes as they proceeded. Ten were found and removed without casualties on our side, and four more not yet anchored were found and destroyed on Powatt's Island.

At this point an expedition under the command of Capt. Street was sent out some distance into the country, resulting in the capture of Acting-Master Hurley of the Rebel Navy, together with three men, and the killing of six, including Acting-Master Maxwell, formerly of the U. S. Navy, with the loss on our side of one killed and three wounded. The Rebels taken declared their belief that, had our gunboats been two days' later they would have been boarded and captured as were the Satellite and Reliance last fall by parties organizing for that purpose.

From information received from citizens and others it is believed that there are still more torpedoes in the river off Tappahannock and at several other points on the river. The weather is very foggy this morning.

Fight of Thursday—Dash of Ewell's Corps—Nearly a Mile of Battle—The Enemy's Picket Line Captured—Plucky Fighting by the New Troops—Congratulatory Order by Gen. Meade—Lee Tells His Men They Are "Near Our Rich Stores and Immense Baggage."

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 21—10:35 a. m.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Friday Evening, May 20, 1864.

Your correspondent Hammond has already dispatched an account of the brilliant affair of last night and this morning. But a later account, and therefore a more detailed and circumstantial one, would not in any case be superfluous, still I should hardly go over the ground again but it is only with the later hours of today that the magnitude and significance of the action have been fully understood.

Our extreme right had been considerably withdrawn last night; it rested say two miles rearward of the battle-field of Wednesday, and seemed to barely cover the Fredericksburg pike. This extreme right of the line (understand that the entire line is fully six miles long) was held by Tyler's division, consisting of six heavy artillery regiments, lately brought to the front from the forts about Washington, and their great guns exchanged for muskets, and Kitching's brigade, the 6th and 15th New-York Artillery, taken from the reserve artillery, and likewise given muskets.

In the course of the afternoon skirmishing became quite warm, but the firing was not such as to attract the attention of the various headquarters until about 5 o'clock. At that hour the volleys became continuous and so heavy that at the extreme left where I happened to be it was apparent that a well contested action was being waged.

It appears that having forced back the skirmish line in some confusion upon their supports, Ewell's entire corps burst upon the troops above mentioned. Instantly that able General developed a brisk skirmish into a determined assault. The object is palpable. He meant if possible to turn our right and get at our baggage train, perhaps out and permanently hold our communications. Failing in this, he might reasonably expect to gain the advantages and information to obtain which a reconnaissance in force is the last resort. He was beautifully foiled. He gained, certainly, one bit of information which may be of service, though not particularly agreeable to him, viz: that this army knows how to take care of itself, let the emergency be never so instant and critical.

Col. Tammott's brigade, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery and 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, received the assault, and then, as a wider front of Rebels appeared, the whole division became engaged, and not long after Kitching's brigade found the enemy coming upon them, and there was nearly a mile of battle.

I asked a veteran officer of the 1st Massachusetts how his men fought. His reply was, "Well, after a few minutes they got a little mixed, and didn't fight very tactically, but they fought confusedly plucky—just as well as I ever saw the old 2d."

He had served in the 2d Division of the 2d Corps, and must have seen some of the best work of the war.

Finding his men gradually yielding ground, Col. Tammott ordered a counter charge, and drove the Rebels across a small field. He could not dislodge them from the adjacent woods, and was finally himself driven back to the cover of the woods on his own side of the open space.

Meanwhile Gen. Hunt had ridden rapidly from Headquarters, and succeeded in planting Hart's battery at the left of the line of action, and just in time to repulse an assault upon that quarter. A little later he had placed another battery in effective position, and Col. Tibbalt's 4th N. Y. Artillery was brought up, but not then yet in.

Until sunset, a period of an hour and a half, charges and counter charges swayed the action back and forth, deflecting the line, bearing it back here and pushing it forward there, but never once breaking it, and scarcely changing the mean position. It was not yet decisive, but the enemy was checked, and heavy reinforcements were coming up. It must have been during this time that a few hundred of the enemy penetrated the woods widely around our right, and burst out of the woods, upon the Fredericksburg Pike, almost directly in the rear of the main engagement.

During a few minutes, they were in possession of a long empty train headed to the rear for supplies. They had captured a few teamsters and killed a few horses, when they were hustled back, by an impromptu force

gathered in the vicinity by one or two energetic and quick-thoughted officers. This raid did not yield them a single hard tack, and lost them twenty prisoners. By dark the firing ceased.

Less than ten thousand new troops had repulsed the three divisions of Ewell's Corps, Rhode's, Early's, and what Hancock's charge of a week ago left of John Brown's.

Before the close of the action, enough troops had come up to have repulsed the two other Corps of Lee's army. Birney's Division of the 2d Corps, Crawford's of the 5th, and Russell's of the 6th, assumed the line before the firing had quite ceased, and held it during the night, with brisk skirmishing at intervals.

At 3 a. m. to-day these divisions advanced. The movement was so rapid and unexpected that the enemy's picket line was captured almost to a man, and, sweeping on, prisoners were gathered at every step, until over two miles had been gained and hundreds of prisoners taken.

Judging from what I saw in riding over the ground this morning before the dead were buried, I estimate our own killed at 150, the Rebel dead at 300.

I think the same proportion holds with the respective loss in wounded. Knowing our own to be fully 1,000, the enemy's would then be over 1,300, all of which he carried off, though leaving his dead on the field. Among those we have buried for him is a Col. Boyd of the 45th North Carolina.

We already have between 500 and 600 prisoners corralled near Army Headquarters, and there are perhaps a hundred still to be brought in. Our loss in prisoners will not exceed 300.

Altogether, the result of this attack by Ewell is eminently encouraging to the army. It is accepted as a fit offset to our failure on nearly the same ground two days before. It demonstrates that the troops added to the army since the ten days' battle may be relied upon. A prompt and judicious recognition of this fact has been made by a General Order issued this morning, which reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Friday, May 20, 1864—8 a. m.

The Major-General commanding desires to express his satisfaction with the good conduct of Tyler's division, Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery, in the affair of yesterday evening. The gallant manner in which these commands, the greater portion being for the first time under fire, met and checked a persistent corps of the enemy, led by one of its best Generals, justifies the commendation in this special manner of troops who hereafter will be relied upon as were the tried veterans of the 3d and 4th Corps, at the same time engaged. By command of Major Gen. MEADE.

SIR WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

Prisoners state that Lee came with them across the N. Y. road along their lines, addressed each brigade, and telling them they were to undertake a most important movement, which, if successful, would be a fatal blow to the Yankee invaders, and adjuring them to make it successful. He told them they were even then close to our rich stores and immense baggage, and that a determined assault would give them everything we possessed.

So many prisoners state the above, in substance, that it must have some foundation in truth.

The Battle of the Wilderness—Interesting Scenes and Incidents—Hancock's Charge.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
IN THE FIELD, May 18, 1864.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN "THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS."

Every battle-field has its slaughtered martyrs and surviving heroes. Some are destined to fall beneath the iron storm of the conflict after the performance of prodigies of valor, while others, more fortunate, but none the less deserving, live to reflect deeds so noble, so unselfish and so God-like, as to challenge the admiration of an astonished world. Amid all the sickening horrors of war, scenes amusing and sometimes even ludicrous will occasionally occur, robbing the battle-field of a tithe of its ghastliness and making the soldier forget for a moment the terrible reality of his vocation. Where so many thousands of all ranks distinguish themselves by valiant deeds, it is impossible to notice but a prominent few to illustrate the conduct of others equally as meritorious. But not one is forgotten by THE PEOPLE, whose hearts are written all over in indelible characters with the names of the heroic quick and the immortal dead.

The "Battles of the Wilderness" were fought with a spirit of determination and invincibility never before exhibited in the history of the war. Under the indirect supervision of a new and successful captain, the oft baffled and oft disheartened Army of the Potomac thanked God and took courage. Meeting the rebellious foe on a field of his own selection, and unhesitatingly attacking him, fighting by night as well as by day for over a week, shattered and torn by the shock of battle, it continually reorganized its legions, and with a persistent determination drove the enemy from covert to covert in his forest lair, and to-day thunders upon him at a point a league nearer to his quaking capital.

WELL RALLYED THE FLAG, 1078.

During one of these eventful nights, when the troops lay in line of battle behind their temporary fortifications of dirt, logs and rails, and the continuous crack of the sharpshooters' rifle rolled along our front, a solitary voice struck up the patriotic song, "Rally round the flag, boys," and almost instantly thousands of the men, who seemed to have been waiting for something to dissipate the gloom which thoughts of the day's carnage had engendered, were shouting in a chorus which "shook the depth of the forest's gloom."

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!"
Down with the traitors and up with the stars," &c.

As down the line it went, the refrain swelled into one vast roar, exultant, triumphant, and breathing defiance to the wary enemy, whose only reply was the spiteful whizz of extra bullets from their skirmish line whistling harmlessly by. This little episode tended greatly to inspire our troops, and could not but have equally irritated "Johnny Reb."

INSTANCES OF GALLANTRY.

Col. Jno. Coons of the 14th Ind., who was killed in the memorable charge by Hancock's Corps on Thursday last, was on horseback at the head of his regiment, and was the first of his command to mount the Rebel works and discharge his revolver into the enemy's ranks. He was almost instantly shot dead, his body falling on one side of the works, and his horse, which was also killed, on the other. Col. Chas. W. Powers of the 16th N. Y., Col. Smyth, commanding the Irish Brigade, Lieut. Col. Davies of the 13th N. J., Lieut. Col. Pierce of the 16th N. Y., Col. Egan, commanding Hayes's Brigade of Birney's Division, and Maj. Chas. C. Baker, then temporarily in command of the 3d Brigade of Gen. Barlow's Division, are a few only who were conspicuous for noble daring. Brig. Gen. Barlow, to whose division more especially belongs the honor of the great and successful charge of Thursday, led in person at the head of his troops on assault, and has won enviable laurels by the skill and gallantry which he exhibited. And Gen. Hancock, the master-spirit of the affair, he who two years ago was unknown to fame, is now known to every hearth-stone in the land! Always at the front when danger most threatened, ubiquitous, at one time leading on the breach of some blackened and bell-vomiting gun, instructing the gunners where to direct their fire, at another along the infantry lines encouraging the men, now ordering up reinforcements or making changes in the lines, and always exposed to the murderous fire of sharpshooters and the sweeping storm of shot and shell.

At one time, when he was directing the fire

of a battery in the captured works, and when cannon and gunners were falling torn and mangled around him," said an officer to the writer yesterday, "I felt an almost irresistible impulse to approach him and say, 'General, for God's sake retire to a less dangerous position!' Tall and portly, he must have made an excellent target for the enemy, but, fortunately for the country, to which his services are so invaluable, he escaped unscathed."

RECAPTURE OF A GUN.

Capt. F. W. Butterfield, A. I. G. of Carroll's Brigade, deserves special mention for the recapture of a gun taken by the enemy in the first day's battle in the Wilderness. The lieutenant in charge of the gun, which was posted down the plank which cuts the Brock Road at right angles, having lost almost every man, was forced to leave the gun in virtual possession of the enemy. He immediately reported the fact to Gen. Birney, begging that a brigade be sent out to recapture it. Capt. Butterfield immediately volunteered his services, which were accepted, and, deploying in the woods on either side of the road the 7th Va., 8th Ohio and 14th Ind. Regiments moved then forward. Accompanied by nine men, Capt. B. moved steadily down the road, and on reaching the gun endeavored to draw it away. Five of the nine men were almost instantly shot, and Capt. B. procuring five more seized the gun and brought it back into our lines, much to the delight of the men of Rickett's Battery, to which it belonged.

INCIDENTS OF HANCOCK'S CHARGE.

In the terrific charge of the 2d Corps on the Rebel works many grotesque scenes occurred. A few may be interesting to the reader. A member of the Irish brigade, after the charge, was seen making vigorous efforts to force a cartridge into his rifle, which had become "fouled," i. e., the orifice had by constant firing become coated with powder, rendering the passage of the ball impossible. Addressing his commanding officer in an imploring tone, he cried, "Shure, Colonel, I can't load my gun!" "Try again," replied the Colonel; "try hard." He did try again and again until the perspiration stood in beads on his face, and, at last, finding it impossible to force the cartridge home, drew himself up erect and brought his piece to an "order arms," with a defiant look fixed to the enemy. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the astonished Colonel. "Faith," replied the soldier desperately, "I'm just after waiting for a Johnny to come up till I can knock his brains out wid me musket!" Whether his desire to annihilate the cerebral organ of some unfortunate "Grayback" was gratified the Colonel did not remain to see.

Frequently the muskets of our men were swept from their grasp by the leaden storm which was poured upon them from the Rebel line as they advanced, but, undaunted, they still pushed forward like a resistless torrent, using as their weapons stones, broken guns, and every obtainable missile. Many who had no arms were observed to scoop up handfuls of thick mud and dash it into the faces of the men in the works, who, while endeavoring to remove it from their eyes, found themselves tightly grappled and marching toward the rear. In surrendering, many of the Rebel officers stood upon the punticle of rank, arrogantly refusing to deliver their words except to officers of equal rank. In the confusion and frenzy of the charge but little attention was paid to these small matters of military etiquette, and Rebel Captains, Majors, and Colonels were frequently hurled unceremoniously to the rear by privates, half crazy with delight at their capture.

THE VIVANDIER AGAIN.

The vivandiere of the 3d Michigan, Miss Annie Etheridge, was, as usual conspicuous for her unvaried attention to the wounded. She participated in the charge, capturing, it is said, several prisoners, and during the fight remained on the field exposed to the enemy's fire, attending to the wounded. Her many acts of devotion to the wounded have secured for her the respect and esteem of the regiment and division to which she is attached.

A BELLIGERENT CANINE.

A singular instance of dog-like hatred to "graybacks" is found in the case of the slut Sally, belonging to the 16th Massachusetts Vols. She has participated in every battle in which her regiment has been engaged, and seems to take great interest in the success of the blue jackets, to whom she is invariably kind and affectionate. But a "grayback" is her especial detestation, which she always exhibits by biting at him whenever they are brought within the reach of her chain. She accompanies the regiment on picket, and is always sufficiently discreet to keep within our lines, where she vents her rage by growling and snapping at the enemy's skirmishers. At the battle of Fredericksburg her leg was broken, and, after the wound was dressed by some kindhearted surgeon, Sally returned to the field on three legs, and doggedly refused to leave until the conclusion of the battle. This time she escaped unharmed, and is ready at any moment to participate in the next engagement.

I. C. G.

FROM GEN. BUTLER.

The Defeat on Monday Last—How the Rebels Attacked—Fresh Troops against Wounded Ones—Incidents—The Losses.

From Our Special Correspondent.

TENTH ARMY CORPS, NEAR CITY POINT, Va.,
Tuesday Evening, May 17, 1864.

Having been obliged to leave the front the previous night, I was not present at the fighting of the early morning yesterday, yet had I been it would have been impossible to see anything for the fog. In general, the fighting which has been done on this peninsula has been bushwhacking rather than that of pitched battles. An immense secured for observation, nothing could be seen but the smoke of artillery hidden in the woods; coming down to the fields and mingling in the movements, the woods hid everything not in immediate proximity.

Not only did the fog favor the Rebel advance yesterday morning, but they resorted to their former tricks of pretending to be friends, sending forward a flag of truce, &c. They also adopted the plan of sending a small detachment forward with loud yells, while the main body charged silently on another quarter.

The fight is represented as one of almost unexampled fierceness, and it might well be, for our forces were in a position where defeat would have been the Richmond prisons for nearly every survivor. The ground on the right was contested for several hours, but our men were exhausted with four days' steady work. Heckman's brigade, in particular, having been in action nearly every day since the landing, and no bravery could resist the onset, fresh troops from the Rebel capital being hurled upon men who nearly perished from exhaustion in the expedition of the 9th and 10th. I am assured that there was no artillery on the extreme right, but do not positively touch for this. Artillery might have saved the right, if there was none there; but the conduct of the brigade is approved by its record of losses.

Some singular incidents took place in the fog. A Colonel's orderly was captured by a Rebel private, who met a Union officer while he was searching for his own, and thus found the tables turned. A Rebel Captain went directly into our pickets while looking for his. A Brigadier (as is rumored) came to one of our regiments and was captured, ordering it to cease firing on his friends, addressing it as the 23d Virginia. Rebel prisoners walked into the trenches held by the 13th New Hampshire, and were in an agony of fear lest they should be shot down.

On Sunday evening some of the telegraph wire, which was unusually large and strong, was taken from the

poles and stretched along the ground in front of Burnham and Wistar's brigades. It was a most happy device, and the Rebel prisoners agree in saying that they were greatly confused by it.

The right being once turned, the center was exposed to a murderous cross fire, directly down upon them as they lay in the trenches. In retreating, the line went backward by regiment, from right to left, as when bark is peeled from a tree.

I visited the 18th Corps' hospital this morning, at Point of Rocks. It is full, house and yard containing about 300. The 118th New York lost 186; the 13th New Hampshire lost 13 killed, 19 wounded, 3 missing, and took 56 prisoners, losing their camp equipage, which had been just sent out. Burnham's brigade lost 339; Heckman's 31 officers, and 672 privates, in addition to Heckman himself, who is missing and undoubtedly was captured. The following is a partial list of the casualties among officers:

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH NEW YORK—Lieut. Sam. Sherman, K. foot; Capt. H. S. Hansen, 1 side and arm; Capt. R. W. Livingston, F. shoulder and leg; Capt. John S. Stone, K. killed; Lieut. Wm. H. Stevenson, F. killed; Capt. James Berne, C. missing; Capt. Dennis Stone, G. missing; Lieut. E. M. Wing, 2 wounded and left behind; Lieut. Col. George T. Nichols, slightly; Adj. J. L. Carter, arm and missing.

NINTH NEW JERSEY—Capt. Joseph Lawrence, H. leg amputated; Lieut. P. Wheeler on Hooker's Staff; Lieut. A. B. Brown, G. Col. Abram Gabrisky, severely in throat; Lieut. Col. James Stewart.

SEVENTH CONNECTICUT—Capt. Henry C. Hall, F. br. a and side; Lieut. Irwin D. Hall, 1 arm; Capt. John McCall, K. killed.

MICHAELSKOWSKI—Lieut. Andrew H. Doe, A. 10th N. H., slightly; Lieut. Henry H. Emerson, C. leg; Maj. Jesse T. Lowell, seriously; 10th N. H., Lieut. Col. Chas. 23d Mass., mortally; Lieut. Robert R. Thompson, H. 13th N. Y., K. killed; Lieut. V. B. K. Hilliard, K. 4th N. Y.; Capt. Foster A. Griswold, A. 14th N. Y., thigh and shoulder; Lieut. Col. George T. Nichols, slightly; Adj. J. L. Carter, arm and missing; Lieut. Col. W. O. Bartholomew, 27th Mass., missing; Lieut. Col. J. C. Chambers, 23d Mass., mortally; Maj. Brewster, 23d Mass., slightly; Capt. J. H. Sanford, H. 7th Mass., killed; Adj. M. Mansur, 27th Mass., wounded and prisoner.

We are now back in camp, rejoicing in rest. A band plays in the distance, a fresh arrival of fresh meat—the first seen here—is awaiting the knife and cook in the tent where I write. For the ear, music; for the palate, beef-steak and duck.

This morning I left the hospital, sick at heart with its sights of pain, and thankful for chloroform. Most heroically do the men bear their privations in the field, and their pains in the hospital, and my looks which they may perhaps have mistaken for curiosity, were really earnest sympathy. Their names are unshapely too many for individual mention, but I honor them all. Walking out to the extremity of the "point," there was in view the town of Appomattox, in a long bend, with an island in the hollow, a gunboat and transport in sight, and on the further side an insignificant slope of wood and hill. No more natural beauty than such appears in this dreary waste of tangled wood and briar, no boats are at hand to transport to Fortress Monroe all wounded who will bear removal.

To-day all is quiet.

J. V.

Appearance of the Rebels in Front of the Intrenchments—Skirmishing—Gen. Ames's Division Engaged—Rebel Earthwork on the Opposite Bank of the James—Reinforced Force.

From Our Special Correspondent.

TENTH ARMY CORPS, NEAR CITY POINT, Va.,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 18, 1864.

My last letters left the army safely returned to its intrenched line across the Peninsula; to-day the Rebels are lying before us. On one this morning, the word was passed that the enemy was firing on our pickets. A considerable force, apparently, was seen, and there was a brisk running fire for an hour, with an occasional discharge of artillery. The moon was setting when I groped my way back to camp, and though it seemed probable that the Rebels might seek to take advantage of the fog, no further disturbance came.

At nine, the firing was renewed, and it now proved that the Rebels were advancing on the front in force. In front of Gen. Ames's division has been nearly all the fighting of to-day. Two strips of wood are about a fourth of a mile in front of it, on right and left, with a ravine between them further back; on the right, nearer us and overlooking the guns, is a long strip, already slashed to thinness, directly in front is a burned spot covered with fallen trees, and just beyond, open field. The Rebels engaged our pickets, drove them into the burned stubble, but the guns opened with shell, and they were gallantly charged upon by the 16th New-York, and fell back to the shelter of the woods and the ravine, from which they have not since emerged.

The day passed without anything of special moment, but the excitement was intense. Firing on the skirmish line was incessant, and probably our wounded of the day will not fall short of 150. The Rebels managed to get a gun or two in the yard of an abandoned house near the river, partially covered by a fall on the ground, and they shelled the woods on the right of this front all the afternoon, at very short range, only throwing two or three shells and round shot at the tier of guns which faced them from the front. Our own guns only fired a few shots. On the bank of the James I looked down upon Admiral Lee's flagship, in company with other gunboats and monitors. An incessant shelling was kept up from the wooden gunboats upon a Rebel work which was commenced on the bank, further north, the previous day.

Toward dusk, when our relief skirmishers went out, the Rebels made a vigorous attempt to force them from the woods, but apparently without effect. Our defenses have been greatly strengthened during the day, and the woods, which I have anxiously watched all day, have narrowed under the blows of arms. The men are in good spirits, though fatigued, and will fight with bravery if the fight comes.

Rebel deserters of to-day represent a force of 20,000 to 30,000 in front of us, under Beauregard, and some tell the curious story that Grant is in Richmond, and Lee falling back here. It is probable that the force which opposed us at Petersburg and Fort Darling is largely here, and that our further raiding will be delayed, but the prevalent impression is that this is designed to cover the repairs of the railroad and the transportation of supplies.

There is ground for fear that the Rebels may get batteries in the woods during the night and open upon us in the morning at the front of Ames's position, which I have described, where the fight will be, if anywhere. As I retire to-night, our old enemy, the fog, begins to collect, and there may be an attack before morning.

THURSDAY, 6 a. m.—The night has passed quietly, but a rapid artillery fire has just begun at the position I referred to. The ball may be already opened, and as I close these lines I am about to ride on to ascertain the facts.

J. W.

P. S.—The firing has ceased, at least temporarily. I find it to proceed from the Rebel batteries in the hollow and the ravine in front, where is the "Howlett House." I spoke of, which have probably been strengthened during the night. They are pounding away at the woods on the right of them, dropping a shell or two also inside the works, but nothing except the smoke is visible. Next hour is the Rebel nest, and yesterday was filled with sharpshooters. Two guns went over to shell H. yesterday, and it has been well riddled.

There will probably be some fighting to-day, for beside using their force as a cover, the Rebels perhaps hope to take this position.

Gen. Kautz's Second Great Raid.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CITY POINT, Va., May 20, 1864.

Kautz's division of cavalry had twenty hours of rest at City Point from its six days of hard labor on its raid upon the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad.

when an order came to "boot and saddle" for a foray in another direction. The command proceeded at once by boat, and crossing to Bermuda Hundred bivouacked on Wednesday night, May 11, and on the morning of the 12th struck out for the Danville Railroad. Passing Gen. Butler's advance lines at Chester Station, on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad (already destroyed), Gen. Kautz proceeded to Coniford, on the Danville Railroad, and cut the connection, destroying the depot water tanks, &c